

STET

A UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA
STUDENTS' UNION PUBLICATION

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CONTENTS

Guest Editorial	<i>President Robert Newton</i>	3
STET Contest Winners		4
The Alberta Store-House	<i>A. E. Nelson</i>	5
I'll Take A Feather Bed	<i>Doris Charlesworth Smith</i>	8
NEW STET CONTEST		10
The Romance of the Peace	<i>Norman Soars</i>	11
WRITERS' SCHOLARSHIP		14
Book Review— <i>The Rich Man</i>		15
<i>Pearl of Practically No Price</i>	<i>Marjorie Lee</i>	15
<i>Flak Ship At Night</i>	<i>D. J. Wright</i>	16
The Muster Roll (MR. ERNEST BROWN)	<i>T. H. Sutherland</i>	17
The Courtship of Mike Klimchuk	<i>Merron Chorny</i>	21
Me And My Pigs	<i>Libbie Lloyd Elsey</i>	25
Night Man	<i>C. S. Bawden</i>	28
<i>Hearts and Flowers 1945</i>	<i>Marjorie Lee</i>	30
Oxford University 1948-49	<i>R. L. Gordon</i>	31
Cartoons	<i>L. E. Weekes</i>	

Editorial . . .

WE ARE HAPPY to announce that with this issue *Stet* embarks upon its career as a quarterly magazine, with issues due in April, July, October and January—a peculiar fiscal year, perhaps, but our own. That our birthday will accordingly fall on April first is, we hope, without significance.

Our new status will enable us to accept what we had been forced to refuse—that very comfortable and friendly thing, the annual subscription. Our rate, modest and strictly according to our actual production costs, is \$1.00 per year, postpaid anywhere

in Canada. Like the medical graduate, we are hanging out our shingle, and sitting back in our nice shiny chair to wait, hopefully, for business.

* * *

We regret that lack of space has forced us to omit a number of poems which are the work of the University Poetry Group, an important new organization on the campus, but we can promise them for the July issue. The bogey of space makes us wonder if we are crazy about being an editor, or crazy to be one.

• • •

THE PROFESSOR



"I wandered lonely as a cloud . . ."

4-49



GUEST EDITORIAL

PRESIDENT ROBERT NEWTON

MANY people's acquaintance with the University is limited to football parades, snake dances, and other evidences of youthful spirits. It is gratifying to find the Students' Union taking active steps to cultivate public relations based on a fuller knowledge of student life and work. "By their fruits ye shall know them." *Stet* may well aspire to be the medium for conveying to the public of Alberta a well assorted and representative collection of the fruits of the serious side of student life.

By "serious" I do not mean dull or academic. The curricula of the various faculties run the whole gamut of English culture, from technology to the fine arts. Culture has been defined as a spiritual synthesis of the aspects and elements of the common life; thus our culture is just as varied and alive as the people of Alberta. The people are indeed the soil from which our culture springs. These people stem from many lands, each making a unique contribution, collectively providing a spiritual background rich as the black earth which supplies our material needs.

The main purpose of the University is to give students an opportunity to absorb the best in our cultural heritage. This is a store that wastes not by use and sharing. Contributors to *Stet* can spread it abroad

and be themselves richer for the giving.

Art, music, and literature are not the whole of culture, but they are its flowering. We should not fail to grow in art appreciation by looking regularly at the increasingly rich and varied collections of pictures hung periodically in various parts of the University. Many of them we may not understand, but we can at least regard them sympathetically as efforts on the part of individuals to express what they see and feel. Drama may sometimes pose the same problems as well as opportunities.

Music is well represented in this University by recitals on the Memorial Organ, and concerts by the Mixed Chorus and the Symphony Orchestra. Direct participation in these latter activities is an especially valuable experience. Discriminating use of the radio is another avenue to musical education.

Our University library, if not large by modern standards, contains more than any of us can read in a normal lifetime. There we can range over the best that has been thought and said in many languages. Every student should go well beyond the boundaries of his own limited curriculum, and read at least some of the great books in the English language. A well stored mind is our own best companion through

life. It makes us more acceptable to others also, since out of its abundance we can talk interestingly and write informatively.

While enjoying these fine flowers of English culture, we should not forget from what they spring. I have said, the people are the soil. I may add, law is the root holding us in place. It establishes our relationships and guarantees our freedom. English common law is the natural growth of experience over a period of three hundred years. The British constitution is the basis of ours. The constitutional monarchy is the link holding our commonwealth together. Federal government, a form we share only with the United States, Australia, and Switzerland, is peculiarly adapted to the needs of a large area with regional differences such as ours. Let us recognize and appreciate the

things that have made it possible for our nation to become great.

The life of culture is religion. The trouble with the world does not lie in our intellectual endowments. The mind of man is capable of solving all the problems of social and political relationships. The trouble arises from human selfishness and wilfulness. That is why religion must be the heart of any culture that can endure. That is why character building must be the university student's main job.

The University is a company of teachers and scholars united in a search for truth. What we find and absorb will be ours to propagate. *Stet* can become the authentic voice of the Students' Union to the people of Alberta by reflecting in the quality and variety of its contents that synthesis of beauty and truth which is English culture at its best.



FIRST STET CONTEST WINNERS

Section 1: "Economic and Industrial Development in Alberta." Prize of \$25.00 awarded to—Sophie Anne McKenzie, 10603 67th Avenue, Edmonton.

Section 2: "Artistic Opportunities in Alberta." Prize of \$25.00 awarded to—Mr. A. E. Nelson, American Airbase, Edmonton.

A special award was made to Mrs. Milwyn Adams-Davies, and honorable mention accorded: Mr. E. R. Horton; Mrs. Evelyn Cameron; Lillian Armstrong Maze; and Mrs. Claudia James.

The editors of *STET* wish to thank all contestants, and wish those who did not win this time better luck in either or both of the new contests announced in this issue.

The Alberta Store-House

by A. E. Nelson

MY MOTHER is not a city woman. She lives in one of those quiet Alberta towns which are marked by their general stores. While I was still at home my mother made fairly frequent shopping trips to the city, but such trips are now comparatively rare. I have heard her remark in recent years that trips to the city are neither necessary nor satisfying. Shopping at home may be done leisurely and properly in familiar surroundings and it avoids expensive train fares.

There are times, of course, when she resorts to catalogues and mail-orders but this type of shopping has little to recommend it.

"Well—so what?"

I agree. My mother's shopping habits are likely to be of little interest to anyone but herself. On the other hand, we, the long-suffering public, may well be interested in the shopping habits of the writers who provide us with the stuff we read; and, without stretching an analogy too far, one may draw a reasonable comparison between housewives and writers in their search for the things they need.

There are perhaps three kinds of writers: the one who shops by mail; the one who travels to the city; and the one who shops at home.

The first is the worst of the three. He is the man who has fallen victim to the lure of distant places and feels that glamour, mystery and wisdom increase by the square of the distance from his home-town. Whether he be feature or fiction writer he feels compelled to write about Nova Scotia or Russia or the South Sea Islands. Because of lack of funds or of energy he has failed to visit any of these places—but that does not deter him. The mails have brought magazines, pictures, and tourist propaganda to his hands. And so he writes.

Nor does the second type of writer merit much approval. He too has succumbed to the drawing power of greener-fields and feels that to be successful he must write about far-away places. But, because he has had either the funds or the energy to shop for his material in person, he may provide his reader with a little more information and entertainment than his brother writer who relies on the postal services.

That is to say, he has gone to the 'city': he has gone to Nova Scotia or Russia or the South Sea Islands to see for himself. And there he has selected and purchased needed materials, such as acquaintance with the natives, knowledge of the customs and manners and politics, and a host of other hastily and superficially garnered bits of information—all of which he will refer to as 'background' or 'atmosphere.'

But such a writer meets difficulties similar to those which face a housewife who ignores the local stores to shop in the city. There is first of all the time and money spent in travel. For the writer there is the same necessity to pick and choose in a relatively unfamiliar market-place. Should he wish to write about Nova Scotia fishermen he may do one of two things. He may settle down in Nova Scotia for a long period of time: if he does so he may hardly be thought of as a stranger because he soon becomes a part and parcel of the community. On the other hand he may circulate among fishermen for a few concentrated weeks in an attempt to lay his finger on the specific facts or feelings needed for the feature or story he wishes to write.

However, like a woman scurrying about the city and finding it necessary to make hurried purchases, so the visiting writer must hit the high spots, so to speak—and most likely overlook the factors and sentiments, taken for granted by the na-

tives, which are perhaps the very essence of the situation.

In a word, the second type of writer runs the risk of paying more for story material which will be noted mostly for its superficial quality. One may call to mind many writers who rush off to Russia or India for a month or two and then return to add their contribution to the general confusion of opinion—confusion because each observer sees or emphasizes differently and fails to grasp the whole picture.

And what of the third kind of writer? He is the one who shops at home and writes about Alberta. What may we say of his market-place, his source of inspirations and information?

In the first place, Alberta is a general store supreme. It has the rambling variety that always holds the interest of the shopper in the general store. Alberta has physical size—any high school pupil will compare it to England or Europe for you. Alberta boasts weather of all kinds—a single weather report may well include talk of sub-zero Arctic weather in the northern end of the province and sunny Chinooks in the south: winters may drop to 50 below and summers shoot to 100 above. Alberta's terrain is both monotonously flat and surprisingly rugged, both desolately barren and beautifully forested.

Moreover, the stock on the shelves is not limited to inanimate objects. Even a hurried glance over the helter-skelter array of humankind discloses beggar-man and rich-man, working-man and bum. For the author who believes that distinctive national types exist there is a rich collection of French, British, Ukrainian, American, Indian and who knows what other races. The melting-pot is here.

Or, looking at it otherwise, one may marvel at the countless opportunities for the "sweat of the brow" dictum to operate. Farmers (from those who are scientific to those who say 'howdy'). Postmen, preachers (from those who think a social drink permissible to those who object to men wearing ties because ties are ornamental). Laborers (from those who work for a living to those who don't work and still make a living). Business-men (from those who speculate with other people's money to the honest store-keeper around the corner who sells both bread and ad-

vice). Barbers, miners, housewives (from those who keep house to those who keep away from the house). Teachers, oil-workers, business-girls (from those who go about their business in a business-like manner to those who go about their business in a mating-like manner). Travelers, trainmen, truckers; detectives, diggers, dieticians, fliers, florists . . .

How long can the list become without making us weary? There is no answer because it is a list of *people*—and they are forever interesting. Boys and girls; men and women; lovers, neighbors, enemies and gossips: surely these are the proper stuff of any story—or feature article for that matter. And just as surely, Alberta has them all.

At the outset we considered three types of writers but within these three classes there are as many kinds of writers as there are individuals. Let us label some of these people and look into what Alberta offers each of them.

Perhaps the acid-test of Alberta's qualifications as a writer's shopping center lies in her ability to satisfy the non-fiction authors. For example, what of the writer who is caught by the charms of mother nature? Perhaps Alberta winters are not too charming but surely an account of a death-dealing blizzard would attract the attention of even distant readers. Pass from winter to spring and we once again encounter mother-nature on the rampage: there are few who would not be excited over a well written article about the hardship and dangers brought by spring floods. But if our writer should prefer less violent subjects could he not profitably enjoy writing about mountains and mountain animals, plains and prairie animals, streams and fish, and on and on.

Possibly another non-fiction writer may be something of an amateur sociologist. If his interest is in institutions and organizations it would take a very long time indeed for him to exhaust the discussion of trade unions, university, temperance unions, farmer groups, mental hospitals and business associations. If his interest is in crime and its ramifications then the newspapers are consistent testimony to the wealth of material awaiting his pen. If the drama of politics is close to his heart, then his province, and perhaps the

whole nation, is waiting to hear more about municipal government, provincial politics and dominion-provincial relations. Surely the trend of provincial politics during the past fifteen years may be viewed from many angles—all of them interesting. Perhaps the most newsworthy feature of Alberta at present is her economic development. There can be little doubt that a keen audience awaits the writer who is able to speak competently about Alberta's agriculture, mining, and, especially of course, her oil. The sociological writer certainly need not look far afield for the raw material of his art.

Truth, they say, is stranger than fiction. Surely then, our brief and incomplete sketch of opportunities knocking at the door of the non-fiction writer should leave little doubt about the possibilities for the fiction writer.

The meat of the fiction writer's art is humanity: secondary considerations are of course his plot and setting. Alberta has humanity and settings going to waste for lack of writers prepared to bring plots to life with Alberta people in Alberta scenes.

Contemporary readers must be sick almost unto death of smooth-as-silk detectives who always operate in apartment blocks, countless taxis, ritzy cocktail bars and exclusive society. Alberta has her share of murders and robberies: are not our criminals just as criminal as those in American cities?

Political life is always intriguing to the common man whether it be truth or fictionalized. Radio stories like the "Mayor of the Town" enjoy a wide audience. Couldn't the town be in Alberta? American fiction often revolves around State governors and legislators. Are the issues less real, the politicians less human in the Alberta system?

The wide free sweep of the prairie has brought both hardship and joy to Alberta pioneers. The belligerent North has been a challenge to the courage and ingenuity of Alberta tradesmen, policemen and fliers. The beautiful dignity of the Rockies has drawn tourists and held them spellbound. Man and nature go more than half way to meet the fiction writer in Alberta.

Alberta is a comparatively secure place in which to live. But is not the story of life brought to dramatic pitch when bliz-

zards sweep the freezing countryside or floods push all in their impartial path? Is not the anguish equal to that anywhere when an Alberta mine traps and crushes men in holes beneath the ground? And is it not true that wild Atlantic No. 3 caused comment in a South African newspaper? Can a fiction writer see nothing of human misery when a burned farmhouse leaves only half a family?

When a boy and girl meet in Alberta they sometimes fall in love and even in Alberta the road to love is often rough. And there's a story. But is it less a story because the boy and girl live on an Alberta farm or in an Alberta town? Marriage comes in time and in time comes either domestic harmony or strife. Both have often been the core of excellent fiction. Would they be less so if the husband and wife were Alberta citizens?

We talked first about the relative merits of shopping in the city or at home. It was suggested that writers might follow the policy of shopping at home and be assured of variety, quality, reduced expenses and ease of shopping. But the soundest reason for local shopping is found in the intimate and accurate knowledge one comes to have of the store and the materials offered. And surely this special feature applies also to the Alberta writer.

The essential characteristic of a *good* writer is that he knows what he is talking about and says it well. If he is writing about nature or society or just people he must know his subject intimately if he hopes to satisfy his reader—and himself. Many words have been said about the art of writing and how it can be mastered, but one may feel, with reason and some certainty, that the first, last and most important key to the writing art is a deep and comprehensive acquaintance with one's subject matter.

The native and long-term resident of Alberta cannot take a sincere pen in hand if he proposes to write about Mexico or Australia or Winnipeg. The things he knows and knows well are Alberta landscapes, Alberta institutions, and, above all, Alberta people! And knowing these he is fortunate indeed for the variety of Alberta geography and of Alberta people provides him with enough settings and characters to keep his pen busy for the rest of his life.

I'll Take a Feather Bed

by Doris Charlesworth Smith

OH, hello there! Come on in. No, I'm not busy really; I'm just tidying up a bit, getting rid of empty boxes and putting things away. I've been going to get at it ever since Christmas. Sit down here; I'll move this stuff out of your way.

What's this parcel, you say? Oh, it's an electric blanket—you know, plug it in and it keeps you warm all night. My husband gave it to me for Christmas. I've heard they're dandy things, but I've been scared to even unwrap it yet. Well, it isn't that I'm scared of it exactly; it's really that I'm scared of Bob. I never know what he's going to do next.

He's a rather serious person, really, but in some ways he just didn't grow up. He still loves to play with kids' toys. You know, run the trains, and the wind-up cars, and sail the boats in the bath tub. That doesn't bother me too much, because I think most men are like that. It was fine too when the boys were small; they and their Dad had fun together. But the boys are big now, and they don't want toys any more. That leaves Bob with nothing to play with, because he doesn't quite like to go and buy toys for himself. He's started something just as good, though. He's started buying gadgets for the house. You know, electric equipment, Bendix, and ironer, and dishwasher, and stuff like that. Everyone says to me, "Gee, aren't you lucky. Your husband buys just everything for you, doesn't he?"

I guess I am lucky, too, because they're all good machines, and they could save me time and work. But that's only part of the story. You see, Bob plays with those machines now, because he has no toys and sometimes they get to be more of a pain in the neck than labor savers.

Take the Bendix, for instance. A washing done in the Bendix is out of the way in no time. I'm through early on Monday morning, and fresh as a daisy for my bridge game in the afternoon. It's the evening work I object to.

When we first got the Bendix Bob used to offer to demonstrate it to interested friends two or three times a week, and every washable thing in our house went in that machine over and over again. When he ran out of other things to wash he'd take the sheets right off our beds. I wish I had a commission for every machine that's been sold because of our evening demonstrations, and I wish the friends had had to iron all the stuff we've washed for them.

Then there's the ironer. I don't think we've been responsible for the sale of as many ironers as we have of washing machines, but that's only because Bob likes to iron shirts in his demonstrations. He quite often manages to rip off all the buttons at a sitting, and that rather discourages prospective women buyers. He's become quite expert at the ironing itself though, and turns out a very neat job. I wish he'd sew buttons on as well and as willingly.

I know he'll never get tired of the Disposal. Since we got it people come and go at our house like at the movies. He invites them to bring their garbage over to our house and watch it disappear. They do. It certainly surprises me to see the trouble they will take to tie potato peelings in a neat parcel and carry them for blocks when their own garbage pails are right at the door.

Sometimes, of course, people come to see a demonstration without bringing their

own garbage, so we have to keep a supply on hand. I often think it piles up faster now than it did when the boys were supposed to keep the pails emptied.

Sometimes, too, people come without garbage, and by some mistake we have none to work on. Then we either go out to the garden to dig up the dog's bones, or we destroy paper napkins by the box. The first is rather dangerous, for our usually good-natured dog gets very bad tempered when her bone yard is disturbed; the other way is expensive, and often inconvenient. My grocer has wondered aloud lately how we can use so many paper napkins; I have been swearing mad when I can't find any to use for their proper purposes.

And the dishwasher! There's a nightmare! Oh, yes, it does a good job, but it makes Bob so darn hospitable! No, we don't invite friends to bring their dirty dishes over; we invite them to come for dinner and watch us wash our dirty dishes. We tell them entertaining is easy when cleaning up afterwards is so simple. But, gee! with the price of meat so high, I'm finding that demonstrations of the dishwasher are becoming pretty expensive. Also I'm spending a great deal of time at home in the afternoons preparing meals, when I should be relaxing at bridge, or reading, or sewing.

Even when we're not entertaining, the machine is no blessing, for we're hardly given time to finish our food before Bob rushes our plates away to rinse and stack them. I like to dawdle at meals, and often do, and I've had many last bites snatched from under my nose and dropped in the dog's dish while I am describing something that happened during the day. Funny, though, there's not the same attraction about washing the pots and pans, which are done by hand.

The last "Mother's Help" to be brought home was a pressure cooker.

"Look, dear," Bob enthused, "this is the clear rig. You can stay out playing bridge as late as you like in the afternoon and then cook the vegetables in a twinkling when you get home. It says here that all the good is preserved in them too."

He was right. I really could get a meal on the table so quickly that the family

complimented me instead of complaining about things being late. I admit I treated the thing with respect at first, and handled it more like a time bomb than a cooking pot, but I soon found that if I followed instructions it was simple and easy to use.

One day Bob stayed at home to get rid of a slight cold which had hung on annoyingly.

"I think a day in the house is what I need," he sniffed, and I could see he wanted my approval of the idea. I gave it with my eye on the armful of detective stories which he had brought from the library.

He wasn't sick enough to need me, so I went off to my bridge game, leaving him comfortable by the fire, absorbed in a thriller.

"I won't be late, dear," I told him, and I wasn't. I even broke up the bridge game early to hurry home.

The living-room was dark and empty when I returned, but from the back of the house I could hear some awful swearing. I followed the sounds to the kitchen, and you wouldn't believe what I saw! All that was visible of Bob was his behind sticking out from around the end of the table.

"What in the world?" I shouted.

"Bert dropped in, dear," he answered, rising, "and I thought I'd show him how the pressure cooker works. I was going to make some apple sauce, but something went wrong."

"It certainly did," I said, looking up at apple sauce on the walls, down at apple sauce on the floor, and watching blobs of it plop from ceiling to stove top, to table top, to linoleum. I stepped into the room, slipped and sat down hard.

"I can't see how it happened," he apologized, helping me up and trying to brush the sticky mess from my skirt with a tea towel. "I put the apples on to cook in the pressure cooker, and we just went back to the living room for a minute. Suddenly there was a terrific bang, and I rushed out to find a volcano blowing from a little hole in the lid. You wouldn't have believed it could blow so high or spread so far. Well, anyway, it's a good thing to know the safety valve works."

We worked until midnight scraping and washing apple sauce from the most unbelievable places. Bob was rather quiet during the evening. Once, though, he said it was nice to have lots of hot water for cleaning, and suggested it must have been grim for our grandmothers trying to get along without modern conveniences. I was on the stepladder at the time, and I took a wide sweep of the ceiling with my scraper and directed a dandy blob of goo right on his bald spot.

"Yes," I agreed coldly, "but their unenlightened way of living had its advantages, too. My grandmother used to sit quietly with her tatting in the evening. She didn't have to be an acrobat so that she could scrape apple sauce off her ceiling."

* * *

You still don't see why I'm afraid of the electric blanket? Well, gee, how do I know who he's going to invite home to sleep under it with me?



NEW STET CONTEST

1st Prize, \$100.00; 2nd Prize, \$50.00; 3rd Prize, \$25.00

The above prizes are offered for an essay of approximately 3,000 words on the subject:

TOWN PLANNING TO MEET ALBERTA'S PRESENT AND FUTURE PROBLEMS

The purpose of the donors of the prizes is to gather information and suggestions relating to town planning, to publish in STET magazine the best essays submitted, and to encourage the study of this important subject as it applies and will apply to the development of towns and cities in this growing province.

Essays should be typewritten on one side of the paper only. The author's name should not appear on the manuscript, but should be enclosed in a sealed envelope accompanying the entry.

Judges for the contest will be the Honorable A. J. Hooke, Minister of Economic Affairs, Dr. E. P. Scarlett of Calgary, and Professor M. H. Long, of the Department of History, University of Alberta.

Equal credit will be given to style of presentation and importance of subject matter. Winning entries will be available for publication in STET.

All entries must be received on or before AUGUST 15th, 1949, and should be addressed to:

Town Planning Contest
STET Magazine
University of Alberta,
Edmonton.

THE CONTEST IS OPEN TO ALL RESIDENTS OF THE PROVINCE
OF ALBERTA

The ROMANCE of the PEACE

BY NORMAN SOARS

THERE is plenty of romance in the history of the Peace River, material enough for a dozen books that have still to be written. There are stories of Mackenzie and his voyageurs, of the early priests and missionaries, of the first free traders and homesteaders, and of the Mounted Police and the bush pilots.

Imagine Mackenzie at Fort Chipewyan, listening to:

"One everlasting whisper, day and night repeated—So!

Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the ranges.

Something lost behind the ranges. Lost and waiting for you—Go!"

He went, with six French-Iroquois canoe men, two Indian guides, and a dog, in one birch bark canoe, tracking up the Peace, fighting his way through Hell's Gate Canyon, his men half rebellious, his guides trying to desert, and his canoe patched and leaking. The story of how he reached the Pacific and wrote on the rock wall, "Alexander Mackenzie—from Canada—by land," has been written often enough, but only the bare facts have been told. No one has attempted to tell the inside story.

What manner of man was Mackenzie? We know he was unpopular with his fellow partners in the North-West Company, that he was an intimate of the Duke of Kent, admired by Napoleon who had his book of "Voyages" smuggled out of England for translation, and yet we know very little of the man himself from reading his works.

A few years ago a popular book-of-the-month club published "North-West Passage" that attempted to tell the story of an American expedition to the Pacific. It was a bloodthirsty tale of massacres, scalplings and ambushes that bore not the slightest resemblance to Mackenzie's stilted and factual story of his exploits. Mackenzie never mentions firing a shot in anger, except once

(EDITOR'S NOTE: At our special request, Mr. Norman Soars, Librarian of the Peace River Public Library, consented to write this article for *Stet*, to suggest to our readers what there remains to be done in recording the history of the vast Peace River country, and to point out some of the wealth of material that northern region can provide for the writer of either fiction or fact.)

when he shot a squaw's dog that was stealing his meat. He recalls that the squaw was more upset than if he had shot one of her children—understandably, perhaps, for dogs were difficult to replace.

It should be understood that the Peace River district was a stronghold of the North-West Company, and that the Hudson's Bay Company had but a precarious foothold on the river up to the time of the union of the two companies in 1821, and that after the union the McGillivrays and Mackenzies of the North-West still ruled the country for some twenty-five years, from Fort Dunvegan, which at that time outranked Fort Edmonton in importance. It was the Scotsmen, at open warfare with the English of the Hudson's Bay Company, who explored and opened up the north in those early days. And they have been doing pretty well ever since.

To get an idea of how those Scotch traders handled their men, one should read the "Dunvegan Journal," reprinted in [J. N. Wallace's book, "Wintering Partners on the Peace River." This journal of the building of the North-West Company's post at Dunvegan shows an amazing picture of the authority that the early traders exercised over their men, and over the Indians, too. One fact stands out. Their business was fur-trading, and they would allow no fighting, either with or among the Indians, for fighting interfered with trapping and trading. When the Flux War Chief and Chief

Little Head arrived at the Fort with their men, forty-five braves, the *Journal* states, "All their furs were taken for debt. The Indians drank all night very quietly, their arms being in the store. They were obliged to submit to what we proposed to them, but not without appearing displeased." Yet the Indians outnumbered their hosts by at least four to one.

On another occasion, one of the voyageurs was caught stealing meat, and the *Journal* relates, "the only one known to be guilty is Martineau, whom Mr. McLeod spoke to and, in order to punish him, took his wife and gave her to M. Cardieu, who is more able to maintain her, Martineau being much in debt."

It was over fifty years after Mackenzie built his fort at the Forks of the Peace and the Smoky that the first missionaries came north. A Father Bourassa visited Fort Dunvegan in 1845, and ten years later Father Lacombe followed him, but it was not until 1876 that the first permanent mission was established at Dunvegan, and the first missionaries had a hard struggle for existence. Bishop Grouard, in his book, "*Soixante Ans d'Apostolat*", mentions that Father Tissier, whom he relieved, was living in great poverty and distress. It seems strange that a missionary living close to an important post like Dunvegan should have been allowed to reach such straits, but possibly the Company was not too anxious to encourage these forerunners of civilization.

The story of how Father Grouard built the first church, which still stands at Dunvegan, felling the trees, hewing the logs, and finally painting an altar-piece on moose-hide, is a romance in itself.

In 1879 the Rev. A. C. Garrioch came to the Peace River for the Anglican Church, and following him the Lawrences at Fort Vermilion and the Rev. J. Gough Brick at Dunvegan established Anglican missions. To the Reverend Mr. Brick must be given the credit for raising the first wheat of that country on his farm at Shaftesbury, wheat that is credited with winning the World's Championship at Chicago. Mr. Brick was, perhaps, as much interested in agriculture as in preaching the gospel, and the north country is fortunate that there are still Lawrences and Bricks on the Peace River.

The first homesteaders reached the

Peace River around the turn of the century, some of them relics of the gold rush of 1898, some retired traders, and others adventurers from the east. With them came the free traders, the bootleggers, and the Mounted Police.

Again the popular novelists have gone astray, for a recent book—*Mrs. Mike*—draws a picture that is as far from the truth as anything that Hollywood could possibly picture. To get a true picture of the early days of the Police, one should have talked with Sergeant, later Inspector, Anderson who died in January of this year at the age of eighty-two. One should have heard him tell how he solved the King-Hayward murder case with nothing to go on but a fragment of calcined jawbone, or how he went north to Pouce Coupe to bring out a trapper's body. His dog team played out on this latter excursion. "I cut his head off with a cross-cut saw and brought it out, and the doctor says I made a dam good job of it."

There were some great characters among the early Free Traders, Twelve Foot Davis, whose grave on the hilltop above the town of Peace River bears the epitaph:

*"He was every man's friend
And never locked his cabin door."*

There was Nigger Dan who carried on a single-handed war with the Hudson's Bay Company, posting a notice to warn them off his property, a notice that ended:

*"I shal not betrubbled Nor trod on
Only by Her Noble Majesty
Queen Victoria."*

The true story of the pioneers of the North Country still remains to be written. The material is there, in such books as "*The Wintering Partners on the Peace River*" by J. N. Wallace, "*Mackenzie and His Voyageurs*" by A. P. Woollacott, "*Soixante Ans d'Apostolat*" by Bishop Grouard, "*Through the Mackenzie Basin*" by Charles Mair, "*The Land of the Muskeg*" by Somers Somerset, and "*The Wild North Land*" by Lt. Col. Butler. Or search out the old-timers while they are still alive, and trace back the word-of-mouth stories that are the real history of any land. Let us hope that some day a Canadian author may produce a novel that is more worthy of the North Country than the effort of the Hollywood gag-

writers who were responsible for "Mrs. Mike."

N.S.

(Note: Mr. Soars included with his article two examples of the stories which are part of the romance of the Peace and are representative of the many astonishing tales he has collected. We wish we had Nigger Dan and Baldy Red on our staff.)

Nigger Dan and The Hudson's Bay Company

In the year 1873 the Hudson's Bay Company, which had long held undisputed sway in the North Country, was beginning to meet with opposition from the Free Traders. One such was "Nigger Dan," D. T. Williams, a colored trapper, trader and miner of doubtful reputation and ferocious appearance. Some four years before, Nigger Dan had squatted on the north bank of the Peace River, opposite the Hudson's Bay post at Fort St. John, and, when the Company decided to build beside his cabin, he claimed squatter's rights to all the land around him and embarked upon a single-handed war with the Gentlemen Adventurers. From his lair he issued manifestos of a very violent nature. He planted stakes along the river bank, upon which he painted red ochre hieroglyphics of a menacing character. At night he would parade up and down the river bank, shouting curses and threats at his opponents, and varied this by reciting passages from the Old Testament in that pitch of voice and accent peculiar to gentlemen of color.

Finally, one day, the young clerk in charge of the Hudson's Bay Post received an ultimatum. It read as follows:

April 12th, 1873.

"KENEDY I hear by

Worne you that Com and Gett your persnol property

if eny you have Got of my prmeeis In 24 hours

And then keep away from me because

I shal Not betrubbled Nor trod on

Only by Her Most Noble Majesty

Queen Victoria.

(signed) D. T. Williams."

While the document breathed an admirable spirit of loyalty, yet it might have had serious consequences but for the fact that a solitary but distinguished traveller arrived at the Fort in the nick of time. He was Colonel W. F. Butler, C.B., F.R.G.S.,

on an exploration trip across Canada. Before leaving Fort Garry he had been appointed a Justice of the Peace for Rupert's Land and the North West Territories, and both the Hudson's Bay claimant and the negro occupant appealed to him to support their property rights.

As an officer in Her Majesty's Army, Colonel Butler was familiar with diplomatic procedure and official documents and so he drew up a "Judicial Memorandum," solemnly warning both parties to keep the peace. The last sentence of this imposing document read as follows:

EXECUTED by me as Justice of the Peace for Rupert's Land and the North West Territories this 22nd day of April, 1873.

(Signed), etc., etc.

This had the desired effect, for Nigger Dan had many sins on his conscience, and a lengthy perusal of the word "Executed" in the final sentence carried with it a profound sense of strangulation, under which he long labored.

And so was the majesty of the law and the power of the Queen's commission upheld.

N.S.

How Baldy Red Sold the Foxes

Baldy Red was, in his day, the most famous bootlegger in the North Country, first on the old Grand Trunk and later on the northern trails to Peace River. By profession a freighter but by avocation a bootlegger, Baldy was always ready to pick up any odd dollars by devious means and the more devious the means the better, for he dearly liked to tell stories of his own exploits.

There was the time Baldy was at the Police Barracks at Peace River. The Superintendent came in.

"What, you in trouble again, Baldy? What brings you here this time?"

"Two of your men, Major."

"Hm! Drunk again, I suppose."

"Yes, Major, both of them."

One night, when the boom in fox farming was at its height and buyers were always on the look out for live foxes, Baldy stopped the night at the hotel in Grouard, then the coming metropolis of the north, and now, since the railroad missed it, a ghost town.

A fur buyer came in and Baldy, always attracted by prosperous looking strangers, soon got into conversation with him. Presently the talk got around to foxes and Baldy let slip the information that he knew where there was quite a bunch of foxes to be had.

The buyer grew more interested—how many were there in the bunch and what kind?

"Oh," said Baldy, "All of three hundred. Mostly reds but quite a few crosses and some silvers."

Finally a price was mentioned; a very reasonable price, as foxes ran. "But," Baldy remarked, "at that price you'd have to take them as they run, reds, crosses and all."

Before the evening was over Baldy had collected a retaining fee of twenty dollars and finally retired to bed.

Early next morning the fur buyer was up and waiting. Baldy was out feeding his teams and, when he appeared, the anxious buyer suggested that they start out to seek the foxes. Baldy was indignant.

"Too busy to go looking at foxes. Got to be on the trail by daylight."

"But where are they?" asked the stranger.

Baldy waved his hand around the landscape of spruce, lake and muskeg that surrounds Grouard.

"They're in the bush," he said. "You agreed to take them as they run and, by God, they're running."

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA BANFF SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS WRITERS' SCHOLARSHIP, 1949

With a view to encouraging Alberta writers, the Banff School of Fine Arts will offer through the Students' Union magazine STET one tuition scholarship to the value of \$50.00, tenable at the 1949 session of the Banff School of Fine Arts.

The scholarship is open to any high school student, undergraduate, or graduate of the University of Alberta.

The scholarship will be awarded for the best article, short story or play (either radio or stage) of not less than 3,000 words and not over 10,000. The subject matter should deal with a western regional theme, and may be either biographical or descriptive of historical or contemporary western life.

Rules:

1. The manuscripts must be original and not previously published.
2. Entries must be written in ink or typewritten on one side of the paper only. They should contain the title only and the page number of every sheet.
3. The competitor's name and address should be plainly written or typed on a separate sheet of paper attached to the manuscript. No name should appear on the manuscript itself.
4. Manuscripts will be judged by a panel of judges appointed by the Department of Extension of the University of Alberta.
5. Entries must be mailed post-paid to the **Director, Department of Extension, University of Alberta, Edmonton**, not later than June 1st, 1949.
6. The University will reserve the right to have the first publication of the winning manuscript appear in either the **NEW TRAIL** or in the magazine **STET**.

Further information may be obtained by writing to the Director, Department of Extension.

BOOK REVIEW



THE RICH MAN

A NOVEL of special interest to the University and to Albertans is *The Rich Man* by Henry Kreisel, published just before Christmas by McClelland & Stewart Limited, Toronto. It is of interest because Mr. Kreisel is a member of the Department of English at the University, and because *The Rich Man* is a novel well worth reading. Combining a very sincere sympathy toward his characters with a refreshing restraint, the author manages to present a story that is as personal as it is universal, a story that in other circumstances might have been yours or mine.

There is nothing spectacular about the plot or characters, nor is there intended to be. Jacob Grossman, Jewish immigrant and an unimportant presser in a Toronto clothing factory, decides to spend the five hundred dollars it has taken him thirty-three years to save on a trip to Vienna to visit his old mother and the rest of his family. He leaves behind him all the weary toil that had been his through all those years and arrives in Vienna, where he is accepted by everyone as "rich Uncle Jacob from Canada." Humanly enough, he tries to play up to the name he has been given, and only in the last few days of his visit does he fail. Tragedy strikes his sister Shaendl when her husband is killed by a truck while he is on the way to visit her at the hospital and she is left with no means to support herself and her three children. The rest of the family, themselves too poor to offer much help, do what they can and look to "rich Uncle Jacob" to do the rest out of his Canadian wealth. From Jacob's inability to help comes the powerful denouement.

We do not believe the author himself would claim *The Rich Man* to be a perfect novel, and there are minor changes of point of view your reviewer found disturbing. The premature birth of Shaendl's child and the accident to Albert seem more sudden than significant. The very plot of the story itself may not assume the importance to the reader that it holds for the author.

These details may be imperfections, but Mr. Kreisel has more than made up for them in other ways. His characters are real people. You may have rubbed shoulders with a Jacob in a crowded bus, talked to a Shaendl at the grocery store, argued with an Albert, a Reuben, and an ex-newspaper man like Robert Koch across the coffee counter. Your own money problems may have been very much like those of the Grossmans. There is no unreality in *The Rich Man*.

Mr. Kreisel shows that he understands the value of understatement, and avoids sentimentality where the temptation must have been very great. He shows flashes of great delicacy throughout the book, as when Jacob Grossman, almost overwhelmed by the superiority of the painter Tassigny, marshals all the culture he can claim into a single statement, "I have a son a doctor, Messiey." Other examples the reader is left to discover for himself.

Without being in any sense trivial, *The Rich Man* is easy to read, colloquial to just the right degree, and in the end satisfying. It is worthy of the excellent reception it has been accorded.

T. E.

PEARL OF PRACTICALLY NO PRICE

While we are, as usual, on the subject of men, I would like to inform you

I wish only that they would stop continually trying either to demoralize or reform you.

Marjorie Lee.

Flak Ship at Night

By D. J. WRIGHT

A bare half-mile below
The coast slid past.
Your westward course had brought you
To the sea, dark as the land,
But less forbidding,
Less resentful of your midnight flight.
Across its quiet miles—
An hour or so, you thought—
As good as home—when

Suddenly the night erupted flak.

The cosy blackness of the homeward sky
was pierced
By myriad trails of red and yellow light,
As, with one voice, the flak ship's guns
Bespoke their pent-up hatred.
Up from the rudely wakened sea the balls
of fire
Rose—
A blazing, vast profusion.

Huge and submissive, the aircraft
Bulked its outline as the night was pushed
away.
Against the eerie tracery of the flak
Your wings, no longer dark and
undimensioned,
Revealed their target broadness in the un-
wonted light.

Down on the water's mirrored blackness
The belching muzzles of the flak ship's
guns
Sketched, stem to stern, its outline—
A dancing, quivering mass of twinkling
lights
That rose and rose in seeming slowness,
Until they burned their gleaming path
Beyond your wing-tips,
Or burst before your eyes
In starry splendor.

Cacophony,
The sharp, excited crackling of the guns,
Slashed at the startled night
And blanketed your motors' rhythm;
Drove from your brain the smooth
pulsation
Of the synchronized propellers.
On, on, and on, and on
It dinned and hammered,
And clamored its hateful outcry.

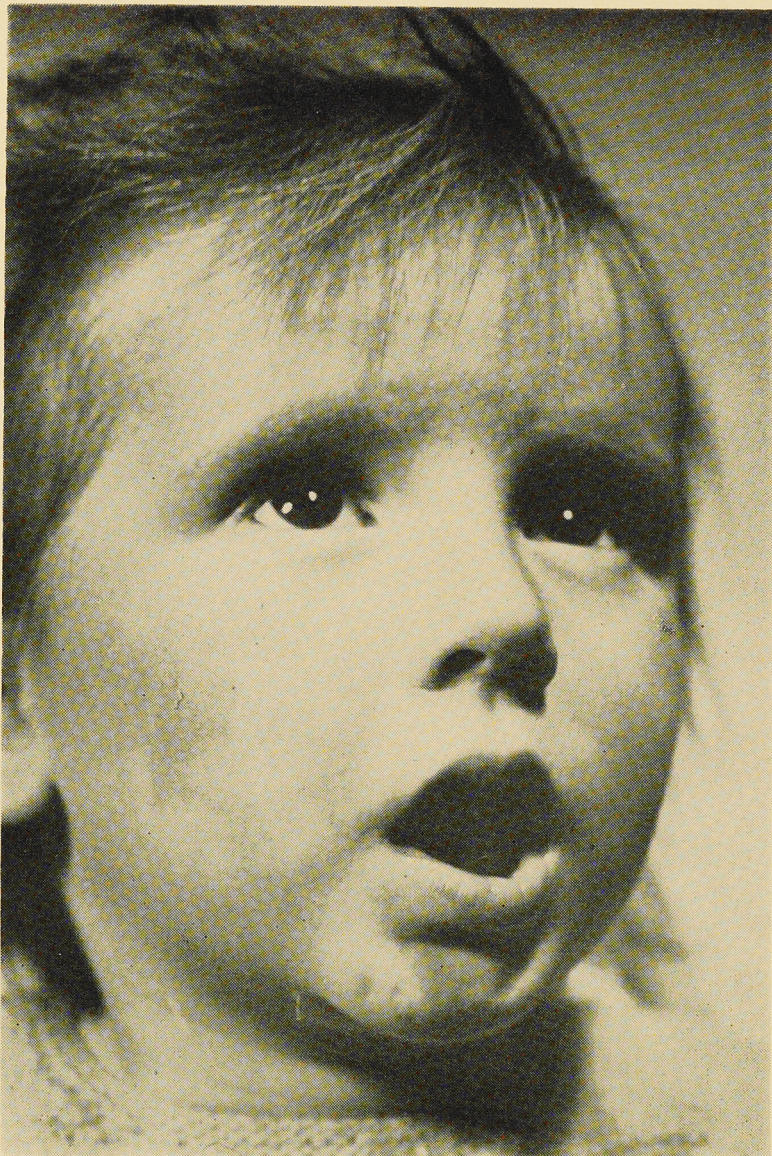
You felt your wings and fuselage
Meekly receive the bullets.
The impact of the hate-spiced things
You barely noticed in the noise, until,
You saw, the air was thick with mugginess.
You looked through haze. A dense, gray
smoke
Subdued the brightness round about.

You thought, at first, the aircraft was on
fire,
And looked for licking tongues of flame.
But there were none.
And soon you realized the acrid fumes
Came from the burnt explosive.
Nonetheless,
A chilly thing had reached
From out the noisy night
And gripped your belly with its clammy
hand.

You held your breath and waited,
Wondering if the mad pounding of the guns
Would last forever,
If the wild flashing of the flak
Would never cease.
You knew the old familiar tenseness
And the spreading cold
That probed along your spine
And clutched with frosty fingers
At your neck and scalp.

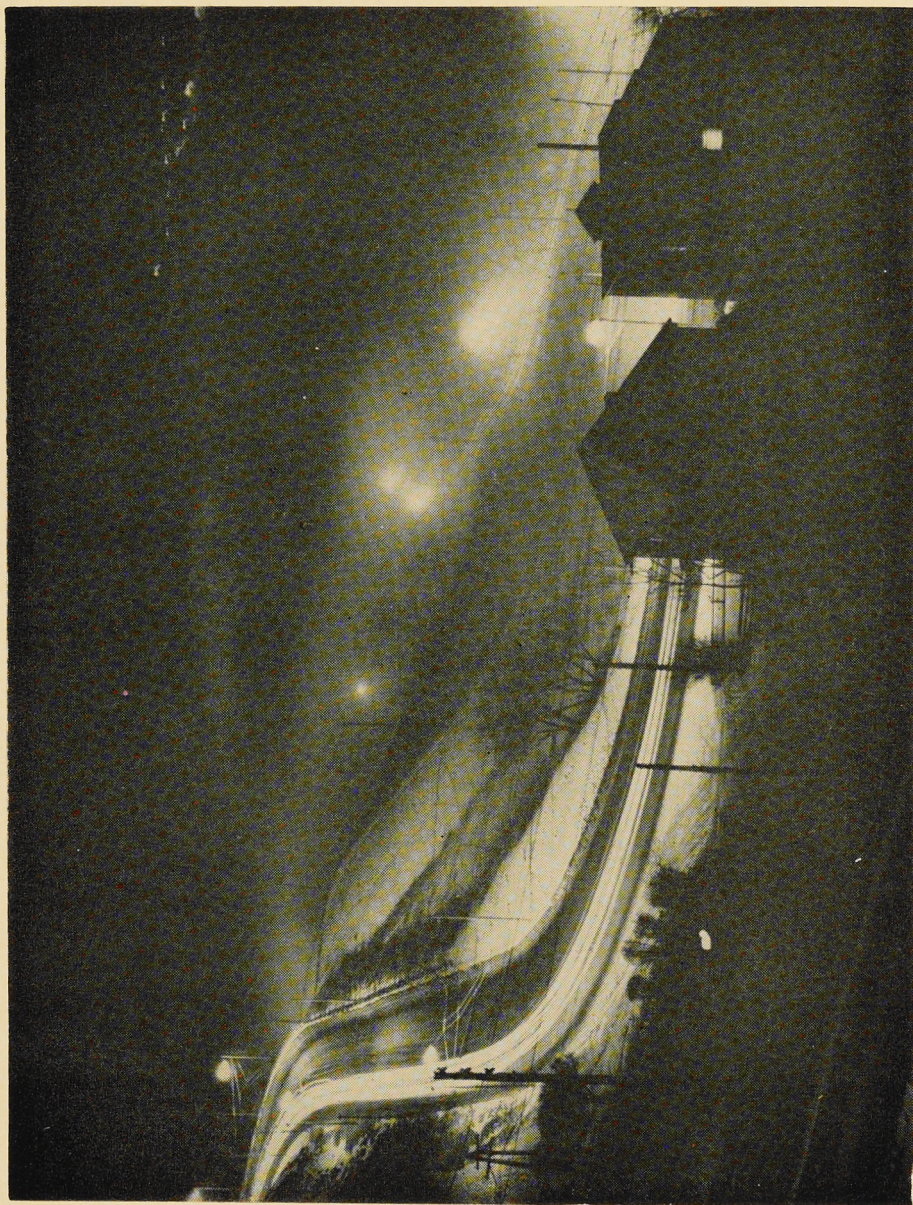
And then the firing stopped.
Not bit by bit,
But suddenly,
As it had started.
The night returned to darkness,
And the racket of the guns gave way
To the rhythm and the smooth pulsations,
The sweet, sweet thrum of engines and
propellers.

Slowly the bitter smoke was blown away;
The clear, cool air was sweet again to
breathe,
And left no pungent taste upon your
tongue.
The tingling and the tension passed,
And you were warm again,
As through the welcome blackness of the
night
Your aircraft droned its interrupted way.



CAROL

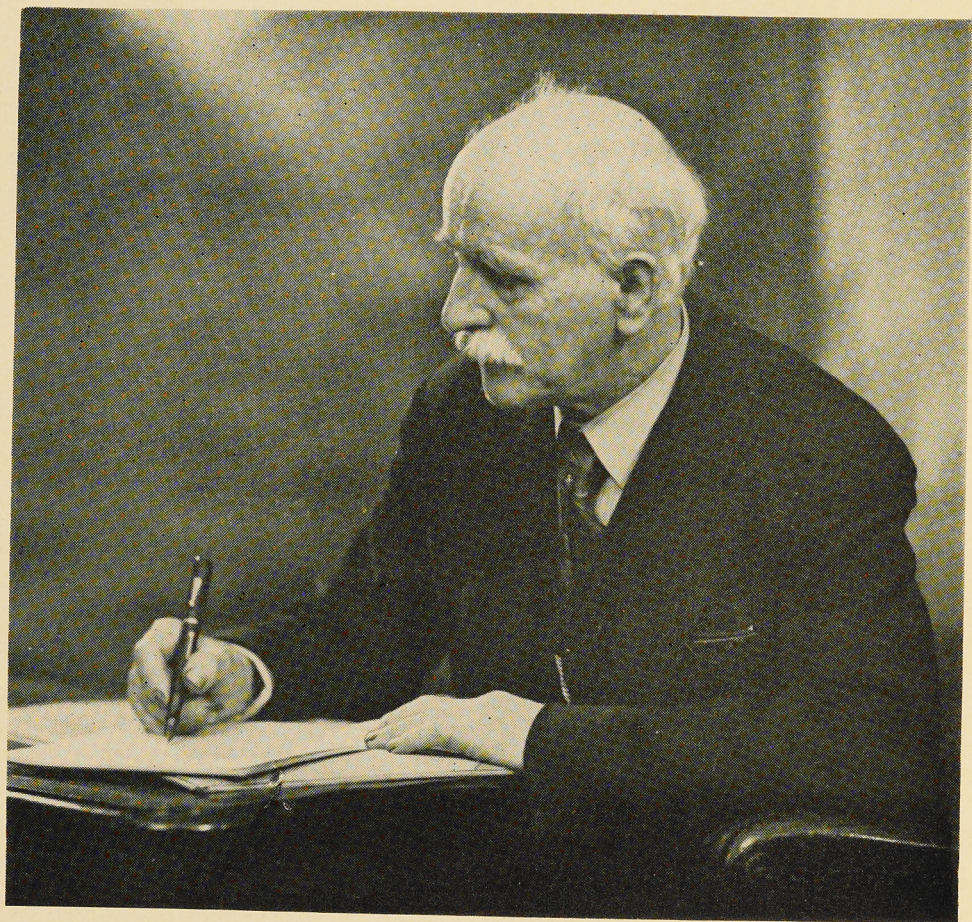
G. Wyatt





A VANISHING ERA

W. Droniuk



ERNEST BROWN

Photo by Gladys Reeves

The Muster Roll

1. Mr. Ernest Brown

by T. H. Sutherland

DO you know how many pounds of cement were used in the High Level Bridge, who danced with the first Lieutenant Governor of Alberta at the Province's Inauguration Ball, that prospectors searched the Saskatchewan River banks, prospecting not for gold but for liquor? Do you know that Edmonton might have been at Clover Bar? Perhaps you need a blue serge suit. You could have got one for \$3.50 in 1897, but a team of horses would have cost \$25.00. These and hundreds of thousands of other facts have been gathered in Edmonton by one man—Mr. Ernest Brown.

We couldn't see much of Mr. Brown's collections in a mere four hours, but we did learn enough of him and of his work to realize that he has accomplished more than half a dozen ordinary men could do in a lifetime. We learned enough to know he belongs high on the list of men who have made real and lasting contributions to the progress and civilization of Edmonton and Northern Alberta.

He is not a large man, but there is something about him that makes you expect something to happen—and it does. Self-consciously you regard the long shelves that hold the 150,000 negatives of pictures of the early days, and hesitatingly you ask a question of the white-haired gentleman who looks at you keenly through horn-rimmed glasses. From the almost fierce concentration with which he was working when you came in you are half afraid he will be too busy to answer.

"The Klondyke, you say? Oh yes, I have a little material on the gold rush, if that's what you want."

"We mean the rush of '98."

"Oh, it really started in 1897 as far as Edmonton was concerned. I have the details of that right here."

He darts to a file and brings it over to

(Of Albertans who, without benefit of high position or of great wealth, have made significant contributions to the life and civilization of the West.)

the desk, makes room for it among the litter of negatives he has been cataloguing. He thumbs quickly through the typewritten cards.

"I had my cataloguing all done once," he says, "with a card for every one of the negatives you see on the shelves, but the index was destroyed by fire and I had to start over again. The new index should be finished pretty soon now. Let's see—Indians, Eskimos, yes, here it is, *Klondike and Gold*."

There are actually eight large cards filled with typewritten data relating to the pictures of those exciting days. There are lists of all the parties that passed through Edmonton on their way to the Yukon, and stories about the more famous ones. There is a list of the supplies usually required for one man outfitting himself for a year in the wilderness. The list contains some thirty items of food, including 400 lbs. of flour for \$10.00, 150 lbs. of bacon for \$16.50. His clothing list, numbering 22 items, totalled \$90.90. His medicine chest would set him back another \$4.00, a team of horses \$25.00, pack saddles \$6.00, and flat sleighs cost another \$8.00. These were the prices actually charged in Edmonton in the year of opportunity 1897. The conditions of life in Edmonton at that time are faithfully recorded, with cross references to Buildings, Mounted Police, HBC Forts, Government, and so on. There are details of gold washing with a grizzly, how it was done and what the results were.

"There are 150,000 negatives in the collection," Mr. Brown informed us, "with 17,190 portrait negatives. Did you ever hear of Moostoo's? Here he is in this picture. Here the North-West Mounted Police are coming over the Rockies in 1883, and here is the old river steamer *Minnow* at Battleford in 1898, bringing household furniture and the first shipment of booze to Edmonton.

"But you were asking about the gold rush. One outfit from England that came through was the Major Helpman party, but it was given the local nickname of "The Helpless Party" for good enough reasons. This party, so it is said, after thousands of miles travel by ocean and land to Alberta, got off the train at Strathcona and one of them remarked, "Thank God we are over the worst of the journey," oblivious to the fact that his trials and tribulations had not yet begun.

"It is also related that this party brought a freight car of liquor as part of their baggage, not knowing that they were about to enter prohibition territory to which they could not take a single ounce. Old-timers will tell you that flasks and bottles were hidden on the river bank all around the present site of the Parliament Buildings and when a man felt he needed a drink, he went prospecting with his spade and dug up a bottle.

"Here's a picture of the Indian witnesses at the King murder trial. King was the first man to be hanged in Alberta. He was supposed to be hanged on September 1st, nineteen and five, but his hanging was postponed because of the Inauguration ceremonies that day."

With some difficulty we got Mr. Brown away from his files long enough to give us a few details about himself.

"To go right back to the beginning," he said, "I was born on September 8th, 1877, at Middlesborough, Yorkshire, England. My father was Scottish and my mother English. Just before the great and "suspicious" event, my mother decided she would like to go back to her people in Middlesborough, and I was born there, although our home was in Edinburgh and we returned there immediately afterward. I have always considered myself an Englishman, and in the early days here in Edmonton I was even President and District Deputy of the Sons of England. During the last war, however, when registration came along and I had to answer the question on nationality, James Ross, on discovering my father was Scottish, roared down the hall before a crowd of people, 'You're a Scotsman from today, Mr. Brown.'"

Mr. Brown was a premium pupil in photography to James Bacon of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and it cost him as much money

to learn photography as it cost doctors and lawyers who were practising their professions in Edmonton when he arrived here. That was in 1904.

Forty-three years later he returned to England and visited the studio of his apprenticeship. He found his old master had passed away, as had the five sons. "It made me feel very thankful that I had come to Canada," said Mr. Brown. "If I hadn't, I would probably have been gone too."

In those early days of photography, when it was necessary for a photographer to make his own plates and papers, he was expected to take courses in Artistic Anatomy, Photographic Optics and Photographic Chemistry, so that while Mr. Brown has no degree, he has the benefit of training and experience. "Nowadays," he said, "the manufacturers of photographic materials advertise, 'You press the button—we do the rest.'"

Arriving in Edmonton on April 18th, 1904, Mr. Brown purchased, on July 1st of the same year, the photographic business of C. W. Mathers, which, some twenty years before, had been bought from Boone & May of Calgary. With the business itself, he acquired valuable photographic negatives collected by both his predecessors—negatives of early Indians, of ranching, of early buildings, of the building of the C.P.R. and so on—and has materially added to their numbers. He has never missed an opportunity to purchase a single negative or collection of negatives taken by other early photographers who were in business in Edmonton, or who had passed through in the early days.

Mr. Brown took pictures of the workings of all the first mines on this part of the Saskatchewan River, and took them with magnesium powder, a naked flame light. He had to get his picture at the first attempt, for the smoke from the magnesium powder made a second shot impossible. When the Provincial Government gets its museum building erected, he hopes to set out a separate room illustrating the history of photography. In the room would be displayed much of the early apparatus—the dishes of table oilcloth which were the developing trays of those days for large prints, the various systems of shutters, roll film camera number 400

which, as the number indicates, was the four hundredth roll film camera to be put on the market. This camera is not daylight loading. It takes pictures 4 x 5, with some twenty exposures. Then there would be shown a head-rest, which was placed behind the head of the sitter to hold him in position, and steady, while the picture was being taken. An exposure in those days would often exceed ten or fifteen seconds.

Mr. Brown claims to be the originator of the first mechanical printer, of which he has the original model. His studio and outdoor cameras take photographs 14x17, and his enlarger—the only one of its kind in Edmonton—takes negatives up to 8x10. He still has the cameras and equipment that C. W. Mathers used. "The lenses and apparatus from those early days," he said, "have not been superseded up to the present time, with the exception of cameras for press photography."

Questioned about the possible future importance of his photographic record, Mr. Brown explained that with each passing year a great many of the old landmarks disappear, oldtimers die, and much of our most colorful history would be lost entirely if it were not for old negatives carefully preserved.

"Ever hear of Barrel Smith?"

We thought of all the attempts that had been made at Niagara Falls, but we were sure we had never heard of a man named Smith trying to go over in a barrel. We admitted we had never heard of Barrel Smith.

"A good many years ago now," said Mr. Brown, "a man came into the studio asking to see pictures of the Klondike. I showed him a few, but one after another appeared to have but little interest for the visitor. 'Haven't you one of a man who tried to go to the Klondike with barrels?' he asked. I laughed. 'Oh yes, you mean that crazy fellow, Barrel Smith,' and I produced the picture. He looked at it for a long time and then turned to me rather contemptuously. 'I'm Barrel Smith,' he said, 'and I wasn't so crazy, either.'"

"It was in this way I got all the details of the strange attempt he made to reach the El Dorado with barrels. He hoped to roll them over the uneven ground, float the empty barrels over the streams, swim

his horses over, refill the barrels with water for himself and his horses, and so proceed to the Klondike. On a platform built above the barrels he carried baled hay for his horses and food for himself. The barrels were wine barrels, tapered at each end. About half way to St. Albert, the hoops worked off each end and the staves of the barrels collapsed, covering the road with a mixture of salt and sugar, beans and mustard and other items."

All this information Mr. Brown set down on his favorite note pad, the cuff of his white shirt. Friends who should know doubt if ever one of his shirts went to the laundry without both cuffs completely filled with pencilled notes.

In 1932 Johnstone Walker's wanted a display of old-time pictures for their anniversary celebration. Mr. Brown arranged an exhibition to illustrate the store's early beginnings. The exhibit ran for two weeks and was seen by thousands of people. Among the visitors was the late Percy Abbott, then manager of the Edmonton Exhibition, who suggested the display might make a good show at the next Exhibition. Accordingly, an enlarged display was arranged for 1933. At the close of the Exhibition the items were removed to Haddon Hall on 97th Street, and the Brown Museum began. Lieutenant Governor Walsh opened it on October 1st, 1933.

For six years Ernest Brown, at his own expense, worked in his museum or, as he called it, *The Birth of the West Exhibition*. He added more and more museum items; following his own theory that learning should be the work of all the senses, he arranged the specimens where they could be touched and smelled and weighed as well as seen. One day the curator of the Chateau du Ramzey questioned the practice. "In our museum," he said, "we have everything nailed down or fastened with chains." "We have a different people here," said Mr. Brown with a touch of western pride.

Perhaps Mr. Brown's greatest contribution to education were the lectures he gave to thousands of school children who flocked to his museum, first with their teachers and then alone. He showed the children how to make baskets and picture frames, how to paint beautiful pastel pictures from different colored earths of the

district. He told of the buffalo, of the birds and animals of Western Canada, and had specimens to show; he told of Indians and Eskimos, their everyday life and their wars, and he showed pictures and specimens of primitive life. He showed them how a camera works, let them help with his printing press, showed them how to decorate picture frames with pine cones and paint.

The children *enjoyed* the Exhibition," said Mr. Brown. "Enjoying it, they became interested, and being interested, they learned. That is the essence of teaching."

As we read over some of the essays the children wrote after visits to the museum, we could see that Mr. Brown did not claim too much. "These are but a few of the many interesting sights we saw and the facts we learned," wrote twelve-year-old Billy M. "It was a very interesting history period during which we learned facts without having to try to." We could think of many of our own teachers who had never learned to make facts interesting.

Nor did the Exhibition appeal only to children. People from all over the world visited the museum and marvelled that all the work should be left to one man. "Wake up, Edmonton," wrote a visitor from Vancouver in the museum's guest book. "Realize you have here the most valuable historical pictures of any province—preserve them." Yet for many years Mr. Brown was left, without official encouragement, to supply his own money and enthusiasm. Then the war came, the space in Haddon Hall was needed by war departments, and the museum closed.

At last the Provincial Government became interested and purchased the great collection of museum items that Mr. Brown had saved, but even then the work was not finished. In his seventy-second year, Mr. Brown still works long hours recataloguing the large collection of negatives which he has bequeathed to the Province but which will not become provincial property until

Mr. Brown's death. He is constantly adding bits of information to the cards that explain each picture, tracking down exact authority for details of the early days. He is also writing a comprehensive history of the early west and, now that he has retired, seldom works more than eighteen hours a day. With the Historical Society he is working on the exact specifications, measurements and location of Fort Edmonton, working to have the original fort restored to its old location on the river bank below the present parliament buildings. From old photographs he has established all the details necessary to the project, and hopes to see the old fort completely restored. In their proper places will be exhibited the larger and cruder implements used long ago, the fur press, neck-yokes of oxen and so on, that would be out of place in the more elaborate modern museum building contemplated by the provincial government.

During his lifetime, Mr. Brown holds the copyright on all his negatives, and is still able to supply authentic pictures under some forty classifications to writers and historians, and to teachers who are interested in the history of Western Canada. To serious students of the early West, and to those who have anything to contribute to a still better knowledge of that West, Mr. Brown generously offers his assistance and access to his records. "The work cannot be finished in my lifetime," he said. "I hope there will be others who will carry on."

In so short a space it is impossible to give more than the faintest idea of the breadth and variety of the work that Ernest Brown has accomplished under the greatest of difficulties, of the work he is doing today. We can but content ourselves with a salute to one whose name stands high on the muster roll of those who, without benefit of wealth or position, have made invaluable contributions to the civilization of Alberta and the West.



The Courtship of Mike Klimchuk

by Merron Chorny

"**W**HOA Buck! Whoa Paddy!" The bright red cutter came to a screeching stop. The two hoarfrost-covered buckskin ponies stood uneasily, nervously looking back at the pack of six dogs milling about the cutter, sniffing each other, scratching lustily in the hard snow, yelping, but not daring to start a fight for fear of Nigger, the huge black coyote hound. Nigger, looking dignified, sat apart, rhythmically thumping his enormous black tail against the frozen ground.

Inside the house, Mrs. Hladun, who had heard the dogs barking, stood at the window peering squint-eyed through a corner of the pane which was not yet covered by the intricate patterns of the frost. "It's Mike Klimchuk!" she exclaimed. "I told you he'd come today! Starey! Deh tih yeh! Shlyak tebeh trafit! (Old man! Where are you? Curse you!)" Alex Hladun, looking drowsy, stepped out of the bedroom. "Well, don't just stand there like a fool!" she shouted. "Mike Klimchuk is here. Go out and help him unhitch. Put his horses in the north-west stall. And give them some oats. Hanka—"

The old man fumbling with the buttons of his mackinaw, interrupted his wife's remark to her daughter. "But why give them any more than hay so early in the afternoon?" he complained.

"I said 'Give them oats!'" cried Mrs. Hladun. Her husband bowed his head in silence, and tried to fit the oversized black fur cap to his small head. His upcurled moustache was twitching. (Alex Hladun's moustache always twitched when he was angry)

"Hanka!" Mrs. Hladun called her seventeen-year-old daughter, "Annie, pretty yourself up a bit. Comb your hair, and put on your green dress,—the one with the pink flower on the shoulder."

The girl rushed into the bedroom to do her mother's bidding. "And Annie," Mrs.

Hladun called out after her, "Hurry up and make some dough for 'Pirohih' before the men come in. Don't forget to wear your new apron!"

Alex Hladun was by this time half-way across the yard.

"Dobrey denh, Oleksa!" shouted Mike Klimchuk. He stood up in the cutter, revealing the great length of his luxurious buffalo fur coat with its huge up-turned collar on which the hoar-frost had formed a white-bead halo.

"Day Bozheh, Mikhal!" answered Alex Hladun peering from under the edge of his fur cap. "Viprazhi koni i mih damo do stayni! (Unhitch the horses and we'll put them in the barn.*)" The two men quickly had the horses unhitched. The matched bells on the harness rang harmoniously as Mike drove the prancing horses into the barn. "You tie them up in the north-west stall, and I'll get them some oats," Alex directed.

"Don't bother, Alex, the hay will do."

"No, no, I'll get them some oats," Alex insisted. He got a bucket of oats from the bin and divided it equally between the two horses. "They'll be all right for a while now. Let's go to the house." The old man led the way, and Mike followed along the narrow path in the snow. Alex opened the door and Mike walked in.

"Ay-yay-ay, Mikhailoo!" Mrs. Hladun cried. "Yaka nespodivanka! (Oh Mike! What a surprise your visit is!)" When you didn't come last week-end, I said, "Mike won't be down till next Saturday! Didn't I, Alex?" She paused long enough for her husband to nod his head, then continued, "I certainly didn't expect you today. But take off your hat. You're always welcome here." She put a hand up to her thick, horn-rimmed glasses, and wiped the inside of each lens with her thumb.

Mike removed his fur gauntlets, took off the cap which never had its visor fastened, and pushed back a mass of black hair off

his forehead. He slipped off his coat and hung it on a hook on the whitewashed wall, then began walking up the room, tapping his cold moccasined feet against each other, rubbing his hands to keep them warm. It was then that he saw Annie working at the kitchen table on the other side of the stove.

"Well, hello, Annie!" Mike said. "I was beginning to wonder where you were." He walked over to her, "Ah-h-h" he exclaimed, "Pyrohih for supper!" "Pyrohih" were Mike's favorite food.

"Annie insisted that she was going to make some tonight." Mrs. Hladun smiled. "It's almost as if she knew you were coming." Annie was blushing.

"How small and dainty they are!" Mike marvelled.

"Oh, she always makes them like that. She's very particular about all her cooking. And the things she turns out, Mike!" Mrs. Hladun was now talking enthusiastically in a very loud voice. She waved her hands about, emphasizing each point with an outstretched index finger. "I used to be a good cook in the Old Country—I thought. Everybody praised my borsch, kapoosta, pyhohih, and bread. But Annie,—she's not content with this plain stuff. She bakes all kinds of fancy things."

"Mother—" Annie modestly protested.

"Ch-ch-ch—" Alex Hladun had a peculiar stutter when he was excited. "And it's all from books. All from books!" He spoke with a kind of awe, for books were mysteries to him.

"Mike, you shouldn't count the pyrohih or they'll break open in the boiling water." Annie was trying to divert the conversation. Mike held his hands palms-downward over the stove and wiggled his chilled fingers.

"Starey!" Mrs. Hladun called in the voice of a gendarme. "Why are you just standing there? Can't you see we've got a guest?" She made a sign to the old man who put on his big fur cap and walked out of the house. "He's just gone out for a minute," Mrs. Hladun explained. Mike was admiring the embroidered roses on Annie's apron.

"Pretty!" He shook his head in amazement.

"She made it herself. That's Annie for you! When she isn't cooking, she's sewing.

I paid a hundred dollars for a sewing machine for her. She makes all her own clothes." Annie blushed.

"I have a sewing machine, too," Mike said, "but I use it only to mend my overalls."

A breath of cold air announced the re-entry of Alex Hladun with a liniment bottle in his hand. He set the bottle on the table and took three cups from the shelf. "Ch-ch-ch-! It's some of my own stuff," he said proudly as he poured the liquid into the cups. "I put it through last fall." Mike and Mrs. Hladun were sitting by the table. He handed each of them a full cup of whiskey. His own cup was only half-full. "Day Bozheh!" he called and took a sip. His wife and Mike emptied theirs at one quaff. Mrs. Hladun loudly cleared her throat. Mike was shaking his head like a dog just out of the water. "Ugh-h" he croaked. The old man smiled, took another sip, then wiped his whiskers lightly with the back of his hand. Mrs. Hladun and Mike, each with an eye on Annie, sat and talked. Alex leaned on the table saying nothing till Annie called that supper was ready.

Then Mrs. Hladun arose, and saying that she would be back in a moment, hurried to the bedroom from where she called for her husband. Alex shuffled toward the room in his milk-streaked, faded denim overalls.

"You act as though you didn't know why he's here," she whispered. "You sit there like a rock. Why don't you say something? Get into the conversation! Make him feel that you like him!"

"But I thought that you'd settled with Harry Glaba that she was to marry him?"

"I didn't promise anything. Harry Glaba has a long way to go yet before he's as well off as Mike is. Now go in and act as though you're interested."

"What about Annie? What if she doesn't want to?"

"She will. I've spoken to her about it."

The couple emerged from the bedroom smiling broadly. "No, not there, Annie! You sit across from Mike in father's place, tonight," Mrs. Hladun directed. They all sat about the table in the centre of which stood a huge bowl of pyrohih, steaming hot.

"Go ahead, Mike. Help yourself! Just behave as if this were your own home."

Mike did. He filled his plate with a pile of pyrohih (dough and cottage cheese dumplings), poured melted butter and fried onions over them, sprinkled a little salt on top and commenced to eat. Mike was being very careful of his manners tonight. He did not hack the pyrohih with his fork as he usually did. Instead, he used his knife to delicately dissect little pieces which he carried to his mouth balanced on the side of the blade. Mike was enjoying the meal.

"Annie," he said, "you make the best pyrohih I've ever eaten."

"Our Annie's good at everything," Mrs. Hladun informed him.

"Well, if she keeps house as well as she makes pyrohih, she'll make a good wife for some man."

Mr. Hladun, his wife's eyes on him, felt obliged to speak. He gulped his "pirih" with a slippery noise, smacked his lips, and wiped the butter off his moustache. "Mike," he said, "How's the new bull you bought?"

Mrs. Hladun gave Mike no chance to answer. "Starey, put some wood in the stove," she ordered. "Yes, Annie will make some man a good wife. We'd like to have a good son-in-law. I'd like to see her get a man who's got land and property, rather than some youth who's just starting out in the world. Of course, the final decision will be up to her." She pointed a long, lean finger at Annie. Mike looked at the girl across the table. Her cheeks reddened, and she lowered her head.

After supper, Mike lay on the floor smoking, while the women did the dishes. His eyes continually followed the girl. "Annie, you can certainly dry dishes fast," he said in amazement.

"It's the same with any kind of work." Mrs. Hladun told him. "It just flies through her hands."

"I can't help watching the way she does them," Mike mused. "She works so effortlessly and gracefully."

"Well, Mike, she's my daughter you know." At fifty Mrs. Hladun still stood as straight as a white poplar—all six feet of her.

The conversation lapsed, the women worked about the stove. Mike smoked and watched silently. Alex Hladun, sitting on the couch, felt it was his turn to speak.

"Ch-ch-ch-! About that bull, Mike, I was wondering if—"

"Why don't you sit on the couch, Mike? It's much softer." It was Mrs. Hladun's voice.

"Well, I guess I will. That rest after supper certainly helped." Mike sprang up lightly and crossed to the couch, his broad hips, accentuated by the peg-top trousers, swaying slightly. He sat there and waited till the women had finished washing the dishes.

"Starey, why are you so thoughtless? Get up and let Annie sit on the couch. You can sit on the chair." The old man arose and let his daughter sit on the couch beside Mike.

When the cuckoo clock sounded nine, Mrs. Hladun arose from her chair. "We old ones are like chickens. As soon as the sun sets, we want to roost. Come, Starey, you know we always go to bed at this time."

"But we usually stay up till ten o'clock—"

"Don't let my Starey tease you." She glared at her husband. "We're going to bed, but don't let that spoil your conversation, children. You stay up as long as you please. Come, Starey!" They disappeared behind the closed doors of the bedroom. But not for long. After she had been gone about fifteen minutes, Mrs. Hladun came in wearing her long brown nightgown. Her hair hung in two grey braids down her back. "I thought I'd see if the fire was all right," she said, glancing at the couple sitting on the couch. She fumbled about the stove for a few minutes, then went back to bed. After that, every twenty or thirty minutes, she would get up and walk into the room where the two people were, explaining she had to "fix the fire", "have a drink", or "let the cat out". And then, sometime after midnight, Alex Hladun came in, walking over the cold linoleum on tip-toe in his bare feet, wearing only a pair of trousers over his underwear. He scrounged all about the stove, then began eating cold pyrohih. Finally he had a drink of water and walked out. But he must have noticed the turned-down coal-oil lamp, and the couple sitting close on the sofa, for almost immediately Mrs. Hladun entered the room and caught Mike Klimchuk kissing Annie.

"Ay-yay-ay children! So you've finally got around to it!" she exclaimed.

Annie, startled and confused, just sat and stared. Mike got up, "Mrs. Hladun, I'd like to marry your daughter," he said.

"Whoo-ha! Chodih syoodah sinoo," cried Mrs. Hladun. "Come here my son." She caught Mike by the waist, lifted him high in the air, then let him drop lightly to the floor. "Starey!" her voice thundered, "Come here and meet our son." The old man appeared in the doorway, grinning behind his huge moustache. "Well, don't stand there!" She signalled to her husband.

Alex buried his head in his big fur cap, stuck his feet in unlaced shoes, and walked out with only the trousers over his underwear. He quickly returned with a bottle labelled "Watson's Cough Syrup"—only it wasn't syrup.

"Ah, but we'll have a fine wedding!" mused Mrs. Hladun. "Our only girl married to the most eligible bachelor in the district. We'll have a wedding!"

"Like Petruk's?" ventured Annie.

"Petruk's? Hah! That wedding will seem a party compared to what ours will be."

"We'll get ten eight-gallon kegs of beer," said Alex.

"Fifteen!" corrected Mrs. Hladun.

"I'll match as many as you get," said Mike. "—Now what about the whiskey?"

Alex Hladun smiled. "Ch-ch-ch! I can take care of that if the wedding isn't held within two weeks."

"It can't be very soon." Mrs. Hladun spoke. "I'd say about three weeks from now. 'I'll speak to the priest after the service on Sunday. You two can probably get your license next week.'"

They all talked and laughed and planned till almost morning, when Mike left, promising to be back on Saturday.

It was bitterly cold the following week, and nobody passed the Hladun place till Thursday, when John Bezpalko stopped on his way from town to drop off their mail. Mrs. Hladun threw a great shawl over her

head and shoulders and ran out to meet him.

"Sheho novocho? (What's new?)" she called.

"Nothing! It's as though everybody was dead in town. They're all afraid to stick their noses out in the cold." John marched up and down the length of the box, slapping his mittened hands against his sides. "Mike Klimchuk and I were the only two in town today."

"Mike? What was he doing?"

The sleigh screeched as the horses leaned impatiently into the traces.

"Whoa! Haven't you heard?"

"No. What?" Mrs. Hladun shivered.

"You knew Peter Wasylshin, didn't you? He and Mike were always great friends. Well, Mike signed a note for Peter for fifteen hundred dollars. Peter has disappeared without paying, and the bank is after Mike. He's been in town with loads every day this week—selling everything he can to raise money. He's even hauled in his seed wheat."

The hard snow creaked as the horses continually shifted their weight from foot to foot. A dense cloud of vapour partly enveloped the icicles which hung from the animals' nostrils. The team again leaned into the traces.

"The horses can't wait to get home. I guess I'd better be off." John slapped the end of a rein against the box. The horses shot forward. Mrs. Hladun hurried into the kitchen.

On Saturday Mike drove into the yard with his team of buckskins. He looked sad and tired when he came into the house. He and Mrs. Hladun talked about the winter, the weather, the roads. Finally Mike asked, "Where's Annie?" Mrs. Hladun looked at her husband, and he stared back at her in an awkward silence. Then she spoke. "Annie and Harry Glaba have gone to town today to get their marriage license." Mike drew in deeply on his cigarette. He said nothing. Mrs. Hladun felt sorry for him. "You know how unpredictable these young girls are—" she said.





ME and MY PIGS

by Libbie Lloyd Elsey

(Reprinted from "The New Trail" by special permission of the author.)

*Porky, porky, drink your fill,
Gobble up your milk and swill,
On your sides discreetly park it
So you'll suit the British market.*

A pig not only makes a wonderful pet; he is also the finest little mortgage lifter you ever saw. When it is two minutes old, it is as spry as a human is at two years, and spryer than some of us ever become. No matter how tired one may be after a long day's battle with the elements or how weary with pondering man's inhumanity to man, to look in at the pigs, as your good stockman does on a cold winter's night the last thing before retiring, and have them look up at you with interest, is as good a tonic as was ever discovered. It is as potent as penicillin.

"It is not the rights we enjoy but the duties we impose on ourselves that give us our nobility." Pigs are noble. When the litter has been taught all the things they should know for self-preservation and self-improvement and are then weaned, the mother pig lies within calling distance from them at nights until they become used to being away from her. She would remain near them through a hailstorm and exposed to the elements (if there should be a pig-owner so callous as not to have made better arrangements for her). They have this instinct of protection before the litter

is even born. If not properly housed, they have been known to go as far as two miles to get away from the other pigs, before farrowing. All animals have this love of privacy, but pigs require it most of all.

Pigs are also beautiful. Parenthood has been called glorified egotism, and we—in statu parentum, as it were—may see characteristics that even a very keen and especially intelligent observer would not. Beauty, according to the Concise Oxford Dictionary, is a combination of qualities, as shape, proportion, colour in human face or form, or in other objects, that delights the sight; combined qualities delighting the other senses. It is a lovely glory I feel as I walk back and forth, carrying a heavy pail, withal—the younger 107 pigs having already been fed—with thirteen large sows bumping into me, meaning no harm, of course, nor even inconvenience, whilst one special sow that has constituted herself a sort of outrider, walks back and forth with me, close by my side, until these same thirteen are all feeding. Then I say, "All right," and she goes into her special place. Just this one routine never fails to delight not only my sight and all the other senses, but those of "the enemy" as well—a husband is a kind of dear enemy—for I tell him about it every time he tells me about some cute thing the calves or horses have

done, not by way of competition you understand, but it seems to be human nature to mention our own spheres of endeavour. However, I do try to let a decent interval elapse before switching from cows to pigs.

When telling something we think interesting to a friend, it is so pleasing to see a gleam come into his eyes, the sparkle we take to be interest in our story, but alas! and alack! all too often his eye lights up with the thought of what *he* is going to tell *us* if we ever leave off long enough to give him a chance. I have seen them, myself, but I never tire of hearing the Enemy describe how Sookey or Spotty or Blackie will look down their noses, like a coy, shy maiden* as he approaches. If he passes by unheeding, how sad they look, but if he turns back and strokes them, how quickly does their expression change, for who of us does not like a little attention now and then! One special attention that I had from only a calf boosted my morale for months. One of our cows that managed its own life had a calf in the bitter January of this year. As is so often the case with rugged individualism, the vested interests have to come to the rescue or all will be lost, so *we* had to look after Molly, as we named the calf. We brought her into the house and put her in the woodbox that I, in a mood of beauty, had painted and put castors on, but which I, in great folly, had made big enough to hold a four-weeks old calf. Perhaps because she was a throw-back to a less highly bred and pampered stock, she made no nationalist, strident demands upon us, gave just a nice, low, pleasant "moo" each morning at what should be rising time and whenever it was feeding time. We taught her her name and she would always answer when we spoke to her, answer with interest, not with that infuriating husbandly mumble. Once, during that time, I had occasion to be absent for about twenty-four hours. When I returned and opened the door, Molly gave the loudest and gayest "moo" she had ever uttered. Was I ever pleased when the Enemy told me she wouldn't speak to *him* once all the time I was away! I forthwith

looked up Waistcoats, women's, in Eaton's Catalogue—I wanted one to stick my thumbs in. Another calf, Alice, a conformist, was born in March when the weather was uncommonly bleak. I was alone, except for a nephew who had just called. He looked after the mother and explained that almost anyone else would put the calf in the barn, but he was sure Ara would take her to the house. I was sure he would, too, so into the woodbox she went. In the weeks that followed, if any mention were made as to Molly's greater progress, Ara would say that Alice didn't have the same chance—she was in the house only ten days, whereas we kept Molly for three whole weeks. However, they were both nice, so I didn't mind—much.

Cows, horses, dogs are jealous, like people, but pigs aren't so noticeably afflicted. Our old horse, Baldy, that died this spring at the age of 43, was terribly jealous of the other horses and liked to feel it was he that kept the farm going. Once a year, if we happened to be doing our own cultivating, we would hitch him up and put him in the lead place. When he came to the corners, he would stop and look directions at the others. You could see the self-importance and pleasure in his eye as he raised his head and gave them the signal to start.

Pigs are very intelligent, but it would take more than the allotted space to give proofs of this fact. To one who voices doubt, I explain as patiently as possible, but if he looks skeptical, I think no more of it and dismiss him from my mind as one of Samuel Butler's "Montrealers."

There is nothing cleaner than a pig if he has a chance at all. If his owner doesn't do his part in this matter, the pig will develop a laissez-faire about the whole thing—and we all know to our sorrow and shame what laissez-faire has done in our allegedly superior Human Kingdom. Pigs teach us to be honest. Day by day we can see for ourselves that if we are fair to them, they will never let us down. And they are not as greedy as your humans—they will settle for only Two Freedoms, dry quarters and a well-balanced diet.

You can bring pigs up tough, and they will develop stamina, just as your street urchin learns to take care of himself. Our pigs would let a cross dog maul them un-

*Coy, shy maiden: a pre-twentieth century product. Present readers may not have seen any. Whatever else they lacked, they certainly knew their *mettier de femme*—a good thing to know, I feel sure. I do know that not knowing it properly is a great inconvenience.—L.L.E.

mercifully; so totally unfamiliar are they with this world's supply of harshness that they would never dream of fighting back. On the other hand, their complete trust in us is a great help and timesaver when we measure them for market. They will lie right down, and the others will come up for the same treatment. They save us time in other ways. Spotty and Bridget have the current young litters and are living small, safe days, shut in for the most part with them. Sometimes, when they are let out in the morning, instead of going back in, they will stand at the door of their pens, grunt something to the little ones and neither go in nor go out. Soon they all go out, and we know the day will be fine. We can then arrange our day's work—and at important times of the year, a day's work on a farm sounds more like a Five-Year Plan.

The very first time out after farrowing, the Sow goes to first one and then another of her friends and tells them of her fine new bunch (every new lot of pigs seems just a bit nicer than the last one). Pigs, being less false than humans, listen only as long as they are interested, so she goes on to tell the next one. A proud parent with her pram will wait until someone voices admiration for her child, but a pig doesn't wait for such prompting. Similarly, grandparents are wiser than parents: they know that their grandchildren are of great interest to everyone. They also know that you can tell a greater number about them if you waste no time waiting to be asked.

If one pig is in distress, the others will run to its aid; and if two are fighting too intently, the older pigs will go and separate them. There are no bullies among them; a big pig will not pick on a little one.

Once upon a time there was a very wise Ruler. One day two of his women subjects came to him to settle a dispute. Each claimed as her own a child whose hands they held. To which one would he give it by Royal Decree? After much thought, he said, "Cut the child in two and each take a half." Immediately one woman cried, "No, I will give him up." The Ruler then knew which was the real Mother. We are reminded of that tale when someone comes and wants us to sell a sow (fond of them as I am, I could still be happy with a smaller number). We forget all about the

hours they use up if we have a suspicion that the prospective buyer, a decent citizen otherwise, might be one of those who keep animals only for profit, who think a pig is a pig and a cow is a cow, only that and nothing more. "She's not a very good sow" from either of us means, "Don't let him have it; he's not fit to own her."

There are people who really believe you should keep pigs hungry. It is a good thing to have an appetite, and we are told to take lots of exercise, but it is common for an invalid to outlive his excessively active comrades. We prefer to feed our pigs enough, and good wheat at that. There is no Hoveture from the Hogestra when we draw near their troughs.

The farmer used to depend upon fat steers to help balance the budget, but now with the cry everywhere of "Faster! Faster!" he has turned to swine for quicker returns. During the depression years when wheat hovered around 24 to 30 cents, barley seven cents and oats six, many farmers sold a 200 lb. pig for \$2.50. We refused to sell either grain or pork at those prices. The proprietor, being a meat-curer also, kept his pigs until they weighed 600 lbs. or so, and sold them dressed for \$25.00. What we didn't sell fresh, we cured. People who had declaimed against heavy meat (see Wiltshire Sides argument), would speak, in advance, for some. They learned what we forget everyone doesn't know, namely, that fat is not meant to be eaten as meat; it is cooked with the meat to flavor the lean and is intended to be rendered later.

With the professions one always has the retirement age in mind, but the old-age limit has no dread for the person in the hog business. He may be "old and grey and full of sleep," but as long as he can get about he can still look after a few pigs. Punctuality is not as all-important with them as is the case with cows. It will give him just enough exercise, physically, and as he potters about, his mind will be occupied. He will think about this old friend and that one as he notes that one pig is bold, another timid, and that some of the near-market size swagger around as if "dressed to the nines, and drinking." An elderly man who had looked after pigs for over sixty years used to remark that if there was a place in Heaven for animals, he hoped there would be room for his Old

Sow. I know I can think of nothing nicer if I should happen to go there, than to look around and see our old Spotty coming to meet me.

*That Paradise that Arab dreams,
Is for less sand and more fresh streams.
The only Heaven an Indian knows,
Is hunting deer and buffaloes.
The Yankee Heaven—to bring Fame forth
By some freak show of what he's worth.
The Heaven that fills an English heart,*

*Is Union Jacks in every part.
The Irish Heaven is Heaven of old
When Satan cracked skulls manifold.
The Scotsman has his Heaven to come—
To argue his Creator dumb.
The Welshman's Heaven is singing airs—
No matter who feels sick or swears.*
(W. H. Davies.)

My own brand of Heaven is a combination of all of these, but with a small corner set aside for me and my pigs.



Night Man

by C. S. Bawden

ANY person who has spent a night in that small prairie town knows the hotel. It is an old building at one end of the main street, pale white in its new face-lifting of stucco. The streets were empty and silent at that time of night. A stray dog slunk through the lighted patch in front of the Chinese cafe and disappeared into the alley that led to the garbage cans at the rear.

Inside the lobby of the hotel, everything was still under the cold white light of the newly-installed fluorescent unit. From high on one wall a moth-eaten moose surveyed the room with a glassy gaze, including with fine impartiality in his survey old leather chairs, brass spittoons, and a gilt-framed picture of the reigning sovereign. In one of the ragged leather lounge chairs an old man slept fitfully, starting and muttering periodically, clasping and unclasping his hands around a heavy gnarled cane of diamond-willow which lay between his knees. His soiled, unpressed suit, tattered kid boots and grizzled, tobacco-stained chops made the heavy gold watch-chain across his broad paunch and the diamond ring winking from one of his fumbling hands seem incongruous, and bespoke a past much more satisfactory than his evident future.

Behind the counter in the far corner of the lobby, a middle-aged man sat reading a pulp magazine, his balding head nodding occasionally over the tales of the wild west. Now and again he would rouse himself and hitch himself up in his chair, helping a stiff leg into position with his hand.

With a flat, unmusical bong, the big clock directly across from the moose announced eleven-thirty. The man behind the desk changed his position, chewed determinedly for a few moments, fired a deluge in the general direction of the spittoon sitting alongside in a ring of cigarette-burns, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and returned to his story. The returning silence was interrupted by the noise of a car door slamming, just outside.

A tall, well-dressed young man stepped into the lobby. He surveyed the scene for a moment and then crossed to the counter, the straps on his brief-case slapping noisily. The man behind the desk stood up, swinging his stiff leg. The traveller spoke:

"Hello. You the new night man? Where's Jim Alders these days?"

"Oh, he's still here. There was a dance over to Benton so I give him the night off."

"Oh. You're the manager then?"

"That's what they call me. Like a room?"

"Please. Just for the night. Funny; I've

been stopping here off and on for a couple of years now, and I've never seen anybody behind there but Jim."

"Probably come in late and leave early mostly. Sign there."

There was silence for a moment, marred only by the rough scratching of the battered desk pen. The hotel-keeper spun the register around and read the new signature.

"Allan J. Baker, eh? Mine's Ed Townsend. Shake." After the handshake, Ed turned and considered the board of keys on the wall behind the desk. He selected one, paused, put it back and took down another which he handed to Baker. "Thirty-two; top of the stairs, left, and down to the end of the hall. Bathroom's on your right as you go."

"Thanks." Baker took the key and stooped to pick up his briefcase. He reconsidered and turned again to the manager. "I don't suppose there's any place you can get a cup of coffee this time of night?" Ed peered at the clock and shifted his quid.

"Don't know, but Old Wong is prob'ly still open. He keeps the dangedest hours. Hang on a minute and I'll come with you. Stick your bag behind the counter 'til we come back. I'll put on a coat." He slipped into an old tweed jacket that was lying on the small safe, and locked the cash drawer. Emerging from behind the counter, he swung his artificial leg and kicked the counter-door shut with a clatter. He crossed over to where the old man in the armchair sat watching through rheumy grey eyes.

"Anybody comes in, Tom, shoot 'em up to 'sixteen'. I'll be back 'fore long." The old fellow nodded, mumbling, and was asleep as soon as the door closed..

"Sort of gives Old Tom a feelin' of responsibility to be in charge," Ed confided as the two men made their way toward the light of the cafe. "He sorta likes that. Reminds him of old times."

"Who is he, anyway?"

"Old Tom?" Ed held open the cafe door and followed his companion into the poorly-lighted interior. "That's a pretty long story, but I'll give you the gist of it when we get our coffee. Hello, Wong; pretty late, eh?"

"Yup. Pretty late."

"Give us a couple coffees, Wong. You want anything else?"

"No, coffee's fine, thanks."

The old Chinaman set the steaming cups on the counter and shuffled back to the kitchen.

"Yessir," Ed began, stirring his coffee violently for a moment and pausing to take a trial slurp of it, "Yessir, it would take a lot of tellin' to really cover Old Tom's life. Don't know if anybody really knows it all, 'cept Tom, and he's forgotten half. His mind wanders a bit now and agin. You git him started some days in the mornin' when his mind's fresh and he'll tell you some of the dangedest stories you ever heard.

"He ain't no chicken, you know; must be crowding eighty. He came in here when the country was just openin' up, and he's shore seen some funny things. I ain't no chicken, neither, and I don't figure in my time I'll ever do half the livin' Old Tom's done. He kin tell some of the dangedest stories. Times when the ranches were just gettin' goin' round here and the Indians were still sorta surly, and the Mounties was takin' over. Things got pretty rough now and again. You git the old fellow when his mind's fresh and he'll tell you some stories. I can't remember half of them. I ain't known him for more'n fifteen-sixteen years and he was gettin' on by that time. He was night man for the hotel here then. You get him started on that and he won't quit.

"It was right in the hungry thirties and he shore seen some funny things. Fellow that owned the place then never used to come around after supper and Old Tom had a pretty free hand. Used to be a lot of fellows ridin' the rods then, goin' here, goin' there, old men and young kids, some of 'em lookin' for work and some of 'em just bummin'. Well sir, Old Tom just couldn't say no to any of 'em and by golly didn't they get to know it! Old Tom was known on the grapevine from Vancouver to Winnipeg. There wasn't a feller that hit here about night-fall that didn't jump his freight down the tracks by the water-tank there and come up and see Tom. He had somethin' for all of 'em. Not much food; sometimes not any. If Tom couldn't buy a guy a cup of coffee, he didn't get

any out of the hotel. He was too straight for that. Still is, far as that goes.

"He had his favorites, of course, and he'd have a couple of 'em nearly every night and take 'em down to the room just off the lobby there and they'd make coffee and chew the fat for hours. I suppose the manager knew about it, but he was a good enough old stick and never poked around after supper, 'cause then he'd have had to put a stop to it. I guess he figured Tom could handle himself, and he could, too. Fellers around here'll tell you he pitched one of the roughest guys in the district right across the sidewalk from the beer-parlor door. The guy wasn't very big but he was mean, and that was when Tom was sixty, sixty-five. He was tough, but he was good-hearted and he'd give those fellers a place to sleep. Come winter there'd be times when he'd have the whole sittin' room on the second floor full, side by side on the floor. No blankets, but she was warm and a place to sleep. Couldn't have 'em loiterin' in the lobby, 'cause somebody would be sure to squawk.

"Then when the sittin' room got full, he'd take 'em out the back door and across the alley to the firehall. Wasn't supposed to, of course, but Tom had a little private dicker with the Mountie, and Jeff, (Jeff Meakins was the Mountie here, then), Jeff said 'have 'em out by six-thirty and no smokin' and she's yours'. So he'd take 'em there, and Old Tom will tell you today he never found a cigarette butt or even

ashes in that firehall. Them boys was just so glad to git a warm place to flake out for a while. If you've ever ridden in a boxcar, Mister, when she's thirty-four below and drivin' snow, when you're so danged cold you don't dare try to swing down when she's slowin' up 'cause you know dang well that your hands won't hold you and you stand to be run over if you slip, and you have to dive off, into the drifts, you'll know how those boys felt about Old Tom and what he was doin' for them. If one guy'd tried smokin' in that firehall, the others'd 'a' cut his throat."

Ed paused to finish his coffee in one or two noisy gulps and then drew out a plug of tobacco. He bit off a piece and chewed thoughtfully. "Yessir, Tom sure can tell some stories."

"He must have a bit socked away to keep him these last few years?"

"He ain't got much. I kinda feel a responsibility for the old fellow."

"You keep him?"

"Well, I feel I pretty well have to."

"He could go to the municipality if his pension doesn't keep him, couldn't he?"

"Well, I wouldn't like to see that. As I said, I feel sorta obliged. You see, I was leavin' town one morning fifteen-sixteen year ago when I slipped and fell." He patted his artificial leg. "Tom helped me through and I never seemed to git very far from here since. As I said, I feel sorta obliged. Goin' back?"

HEARTS AND FLOWERS 1945

"Wonder what bit her! Humph! She looked at me so funny and walked off, Didn't say nothing; turned and walked away.

It must be tough on you to work with her Like this. She's queer.

"I was just being friendly; told her I Was getting married next week—second Time;

I saw she wore a ring and so I asked Where her man was. She said he'd been In a Jap prison-camp since Hong Kong fell.

That's near four years ago. She's never heard

A word, even that he's in prison.

We talked a bit—I got to thinking, So then I asked her where she would invest Her pension. Should be quite a tidy sum . . . And like I told you, she just walked away. A queer!

"Honey, how do you get your hair that shade?

I've tried a dozen things—they never work As well as that. D'ya mind?

"Yeah, I'm marrying another man next week:

He'll learn. If one stays home and one steps out—

The house is his!"

Marjorie Lee.

Oxford University, 1948-49

By R. L. GORDON

Rhodes Scholar from Alberta—1948

I'VE been at this University for about six weeks at the time of writing, and since the University was founded in the "eleven hundreds," it is just possible that even a keen young lad from Alberta can't find out *all* about it in six weeks. However, as the Editor's request for an article implies he is ready to take a chance, I assume the present readers of *Stet* are willing to do the same. As for Oxford, it doesn't mind. Everybody from Chaucer to Stephen Leacock has had a go at writing about it, and the prospect of making *Stet* probably wouldn't cause undue excitement around the place.

The first landmarks anyone arriving in Oxford notices, even from the train window, are the famous stone towers and spires of the Colleges which collectively make up the University. It doesn't really exist at all in the sense that the University of Alberta does. The main dealings the undergraduate has with Oxford University as such are very early in his career, when he is accepted (in Latin) as a member of the University, and at the end of his time, when he is awarded his degree (also in Latin). Some undergraduates, of course, only attend the first of these little ceremonies. For all the rest of the time one is a member of a completely independent College, to which he has originally applied for entrance. These Colleges are almost little universities in themselves; they are far more than residences. All I can do is to give a brief account of what has happened to me since I stepped from a taxi in front of Magdalen College, paid the driver, and turned to find the College porter, who runs a sort of orderly office called the Porter's Lodge, just inside the door, eyeing my heap of baggage with as surprised an expression as the Magdalen porter can assume.

It turned out that the Porter knew my name and, after referring to a list, was able to tell me where my rooms were. All undergraduates living in College had two rooms before the war and most of them have still, though with present crowded

conditions some of the two room sets have been converted into two single rooms, known locally as "bed-sits". The charge for these rooms varies, as do other expenses, from College to College. Two rooms and three meals cost seventeen shillings and sixpence per day at Magdalen—i.e. about \$3.50, which is more expensive than most places. On arriving at my room, which is designated No. 7, Staircase 3, Longwall Quad, I made the acquaintance of my Scout.

If N.C.O.'s are the backbone of the armed forces, then most certainly Scouts may claim to be the backbone of College residential life. Their official duties are limited to cleaning out the rooms, making the beds, and helping in the Dining Hall at mealtimes, but they render a multitude of unofficial services for the students living on their particular staircases (each Scout looks after the rooms off one particular staircase). Undergraduates are required, on occasions, to wear gowns—your Scout will pick up a cheap second-hand one for you; a mortar board is required for a particular academic affair—your Scout will find one for you to borrow; you want some extra cups (or glasses) for a party—your Scout will find them and bring them along; your light bulb is burned out or you blow a fuse in your electric heater—your Scout will fix it. Your Scout, in fact, is a very good man to be friends with and most of them are very friendly. On our first meeting, my Scout showed me all around the College and explained as much as it was necessary for me to know of the life and routine.

The next person of any importance which the student will meet shortly after arrival is his tutor, and here I must say a word about the tutorial system which is certainly the ideal method of university training. Under this system each student is assigned to a particular teacher who will act throughout the undergraduate's university career as his sort of general coach, trainer and manager. (Unlike Canadian Universities, a student in a particular subject here

studies only that subject.) They will meet at regular intervals, normally once a week, usually in the Tutor's rooms where there are easy chairs and one can smoke. At these meetings the tutor will listen to and comment on an essay, written and read aloud by his protegee. He will then discuss further work with him and at the end of an hour agree on an essay subject for the following week. This informal relationship between teacher and learner may be less successful with some students and tutors than with others, but on the whole it is a highly satisfactory method of study and can, at its best, result in firm friendship. This is particularly the case with the younger tutors and older students where, not infrequently, the relationship becomes a christian name one. As in Canadian universities, the ex-service students at Oxford are becoming a smaller proportion of the whole and, as the younger student comes back into his own, something of the intimacy of student and teacher may disappear.

Lectures are University affairs, as opposed to tuition which is purely the concern of the College. A program of lectures, giving subject, lecturer, time and place, is printed and distributed at the beginning of each term. Your tutor is likely to tell you what ones it might be advisable to attend, but attendance is by no means compulsory. A good lecturer will find his lectures crowded; a poor lecturer may eventually be left with only a devoted few. The lectures themselves are of a more formal nature than those at a Canadian University. They are not classroom instruction but rather prepared speeches. In most lecture series there is one lecture a week and the average Arts student is unlikely to average more than two lectures a day at the very outside. Labs, too, are operated by the University for the scientists, but unlike lectures they are, of course, compulsory. Exams, also set by the University, come at the end of your course only, not at the end of each year. With so many students taking History, English, and allied subjects, one never hears that apologetic phrase so common at home; "I'm taking *just* Arts."

All these facts about Oxford can give one but a very imperfect idea of what Oxford is really like unless we add to them a

few general impressions of the sort of life the undergraduate leads and the sort of undergraduate who is leading it. Magdalen is traditionally a wealthy man's College. Oscar Wilde and the Duke of Windsor are among its long list of famous sons, but the tradition which drew them to this particular college is almost dead in 1948. For the face of the Oxford student world has changed. I have spoken to men who have known Oxford for fifty years and listened to them talk of this change—and not one of them has suggested that the change has been for anything but the better. The vast majority of students at Magdalen and indeed all Colleges these days are by no means wealthy. They are here to get an education and are prepared to work hard for it. The commonest form of entertainment is not the riotous cocktail party—not with drink at its present price—but either coffee after supper or a cup of tea in the afternoon. The regular meals at Magdalen are plain enough fare, served cafeteria style, and dominated by endless cabbage and brussel sprouts.

Apart from study, the University and the town of Oxford provide much in the way of sport and entertainment. Each afternoon virtually the entire student body plays games. There is a vast choice and a man of the most mediocre athletic ability can, if he wishes, find a place on some team somewhere. In the evening there is bound to be sufficient choice of plays, concerts, movies, debates, political speeches, to satisfy anyone looking for reasonable alternatives to work.

The town of Oxford, about the size of Edmonton, is anything but sleepy and academic. It is a thriving, bustling industrial centre. During the war a soldier, whose nationality was not disclosed to me, came to visit Oxford. He was shown around the beautiful stone Colleges with their magnificent chapels, cloisters, and gardens. He was shown the green stretches of the playing fields and the winding rivers. The tour finished, where it started, at the corner of Cornmarket Street and The High; the very busy heart of the shopping district. "Well," he said, after a long pause, "I can't understand you British. Here you have a perfectly good industrial town and you bang a university down right in the middle of it."